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ARTISTS IN SAN FRANCISCO.

SOMETHING has already been said in THE ART AMATEUR about the lack of artistic taste in San Francisco. Among the curious illustrations of that deficiency may be mentioned a hall in a frame house, the floor of which is mosaic, and the ceiling of which, decorated with a frescoed Aurora, is raised upon pillars of Aberdeen granite with ornamental cast-iron caps; the walls floridly display the seasons in allegory, and to complete the whole a Latin inscription is written on a scroll. There is another house with some good pictures and statuary, which includes among its treasures a colossal and almost nude figure of Architecture, with an extended arm holding in the hand a platter, upon which is a model of the establishment that contains it—a gratuitous compliment of the sculptor to the builder, and an ingenious hint of merit in the architect, which I need not say is not justified. There is still another house, the hall of which is now being decorated by seven enormous canvas panellings, each about four feet by ten, the subjects of which are exceedingly complex and brilliant in color; but for this there is some mitigation in the fact that the artist selected to do the work is capable, and will complete as satisfactorily as possible so bizarre a purpose. These houses belong to persons of education, travel, and immense resources, and it would be possible to multiply similar instances of this kind of taste, which is gratified by the enriched minority upon whom Fortune has conferred the power to foster art in San Francisco.

On the other hand, of real artistic work there is very little. At one time San Francisco possessed the Latham collection, which was creditable and interesting, but this was sold in New York last winter, and now while some of the galleries contain fair specimens of Bougereau, Tissot, Meissonier, and other modern painters—even an occasional Corot—acquired at the instigation of a knowing adviser or in deference to an oft-repeated verdict, these are flanked, overhung, and underhung by a preponderating number of valueless or mediocre pictures, which indicate the purchaser's individual tastes when gratified without the intervention of an adviser. As far as local artists are concerned the consequences are obvious. Finding neither intelligent criticism nor support, they become mercenary and commercial, painting for a market and to suit the fancy of patrons who are not less arrogant or pronounced because they are ignorant. They devote themselves to what are technically called "pot-boilers," and it too often happens that "pot-boilers" first produced as an expedient become the limit and the habit of the man, while his aspirations are quenched and his capacity for better things is left wholly undeveloped. "Only one sort of picture sells here," said a leading artist to the writer, "and that's the picture that knocks your eye out." What he meant was that the picture which pleases the buyer in San Francisco is one of brilliant and intense effects—of blazing sunsets with crimson clouds, of indigo mountains and flashing white snow-fields. The quiet tones of nature, the duskiness of a sierra glen, the moist gray atmosphere of a cloud-wrapped peak, are unappreciated. But oddly enough the taste that sanctions limitless exaggeration in color insists on a wholly unimaginative precision of form; suggestion or any sort of "impressionism" is not allowed, and if the bark of a tree is painted its texture must be portrayed with more than pre-Raphaelite minuteness, or if a peak it must be as geometrical as a geographer's note. "If you paint a cluster of pines by a marshy edge of shore," continued the artist, "you must reveal a mosquito, and more than that, you must paint that little mosquito's eyes." The lament is one-voiced. All the artists in San Francisco yearn for emancipation from the galling conditions that surround them, but a great many make little effort to secure it, and, despite their asseverations, abide by the flesh-pots with unconcealed contentment.

There are about sixty artists in the city, who may be classified in three divisions, the first being those who are inexcusably bad, the second those who are capable, but who are seen to disadvantage in complying with the requirements of the market, and the third—a very small number—those who are sincere as well as capable, and who follow art after their own understanding of it without subordinating themselves

to the caprices of trade. The fact that a man cannot draw, and has no larger sense of color than the director of a circus caravan, does not prevent him from selling his pictures in San Francisco. Painters who would starve to death in Boston, Philadelphia, or New York thrive and find admirers and purchasers in that city; it is a paradise for them, and they fatten on its ignorance and vulgarity. At the same time many of the purchasers are at least shrewd and distrustful of their own inclinations: for safety's sake they limit their art investments to men who have established a reputation, and feel that in this direction they can make no very serious mistake. Thomas Hill holds a front position, and is, perhaps, in a pecuniary sense, the most successful of all. His name and work are well enough known to require no comment here. Beginning his career in Boston, and studying abroad, he has since adopted California as a home and become known as a Californian painter. He has found his subjects in the snow-clad and pine-abutted peaks of the sierras, in the cathedral-like depths of the redwoods, in the stupendous cliffs of the Yosemite, and in the golden valleys of the coast range. He paints with imagination, poetical feeling, brilliancy, and fine technical effect, but his colors are sometimes "brittle," and he strikes too high a key. Mr. Hill would probably admit that he has been injured by the conditions which the market has imposed upon him, and that he might have been a better artist in another atmosphere. William Bradford, the painter of arctic scenes, is also a dweller in San Francisco, and has a studio in the Palace Hotel, and adjoining him is E. Ward Perry. When in addition to these I give the names of Virgil Williams, Jules Tavernier, and William Keith, I have mentioned all whose reputations are not local. Mr. Williams was formerly of Boston, and is now director of the art-school. Mr. Tavernier is best known by his clever and dramatic illustrations in various periodicals, a class of work which he has abandoned for painting, with such success that examples of his art are found in many of the best collections in the East; and Mr. Keith would hold a high rank anywhere as a landscape-painter of deep feeling and technical merit. There are very few artists in America who display more power than Mr. Keith in portraying the pathetic gray and green effects of an overcast day in the mountains, or the moisture and blackness of a storm among the pines; but he over-produces, and occasionally exhibits a slovenliness of method which is not found in his best work. Among the younger men, J. W. Rix is conspicuous for his earnestness of purpose, poetic insight, good sense of color-values, clever management of chiaroscuro, and promise of future attainments which will far exceed his present work in merit. The promise is so definite that it already seems to be fruition, and at the same time Mr. Rix's success is only in a comparative sense a matter of the future. He has already done much good work and found no dearth of appreciative purchasers. With his name may be coupled that of Joseph Strong, a young artist of the Munich school, who has exhibited vigor, individuality, and integrity of purpose in his work, which includes portraits and landscapes. But there is little to inspire and develop such men as these in San Francisco, and there is so much to hamper them that their remaining there seems almost a misfortune.

WILLIAM H. RIDEING.

COLORING PHOTOGRAPHS.

II.

In a recent number our directions for coloring photographs extended to the stage of the two successive washes to produce the general flesh-tint. The second wash now being dry, we can proceed to details:

On the cheeks use pink madder and the small brush; make the latter into a fine point with the lips and take a very little of the color on it; hold it perpendicularly in the fingers, and, letting the end scarcely touch the surface, make the tiniest downward dashes. This is called stippling. Each stroke must be so fine that for some time no pink is apparent; work over and over again in the same way, the glass will show the progress the work is making. It must be rather deeper in tone in the centre. At first there may be a tendency to make a triangular

patch, but slight care will obviate this, as it is the result of trying to make too much show at once, instead of making the first few times of stippling so faint as to be barely perceptible. Except with the magnifying glass it should be scarcely possible to tell that the bloom-like effect is but a series of minute dashes. If in stippling the cheeks one spot is accidentally made too distinct, it can be rectified by stippling round it with flesh-wash, and then continuing to use the madder. As a rule, however, it is far better to wash the whole face, and commence the process again from the beginning. Every photograph will stand being washed clean three or four times before the surface becomes too much roughened to take the colors properly. With some people the color is high on the cheek-bones and others far forward on the nose. All these personalities should be noted.

For the chin stipple some pink madder quite at the point, and on the ears do likewise, just at the tip of the lobe. The lines and shadows formed by the hollows and curves must be put in with Venetian red if the whole ear is not much thrown in the shade; but if very dark, brown madder or vermilion (the latter not too thick, so as to be brilliantly red) must be substituted.

The fingers must not be made too rosy, but just lightly stippled at the ends and on the knuckles with pale pink madder.

The forehead should be stippled just between the eyes and also slightly above the brows, so as to bring out the shape. Where the hair and flesh unite, work in very finely with cobalt and pink madder mixed; also on the temples, any visible veins, and where there is a hollow from the eye to the nose.

On the nostril place a touch of gum at the opening.

The lips also require a narrow line of gum between them where a dark mark is seen, not on the lip itself. The lower one only is colored, and that with rose madder, making it be a trifle deeper in color in the middle. If the tone of the photograph be dark, add some crimson lake; or if excessively dark a little vermilion can be used with the madder. For old persons the slightest bit of brown must be added to make the red more sober.

For the eyes cleanse the brush, wipe it on the sponge, and the slight dampness remaining will be sufficient to take away the flesh-wash that is over them. Then put some gum on the balls to give a light effect, and upon this, when thoroughly hardened, the pupil can be put in by one gently-touched spot of Indian ink; though in some cases indigo is better; round the pupil put cobalt for a light blue, indigo for dark blue, and Chinese white for the reflected light, that is, the gleam to be seen in every natural eye, and which is shown in many photographs, but which must be put in with paint whether distinct in the likeness or not, especially if it be as large as a cabinet size or a vignette, and the position of the eye allows of it. A carte size does not always need it. For the coloring of gray eyes use a little indigo and burnt sienna or neutral tint; vandyke brown, burnt sienna, or brown madder, according to requirements for brown eyes, and a little Chinese white mixed with any of the above colors for the reflected light. The worker, as he becomes familiar with his materials, will readily supply the other shades.

For the hair, in every case three coatings are necessary, the first a medium thin one, smoothly put over all with the large brush (omitting the parting which has previously had the flesh-wash) the second of a darker only on the deeper parts, and the third of a paler on high lights (shiny parts). Thus black hair should be done first of all with a mixture of indigo, crimson lake, and sepia, in such proportions as make a good black, the dark parts picked with the Indian ink and the latter by adding a trifle of Chinese white to the indigo, crimson lake, and sepia. For brown hair the first would be vandyke brown, the second sepia, and third raw sienna. Dark brown needs the first to be of sepia. Fair hair, vandyke brown and raw sienna, or raw sienna alone, and actually yellow locks of raw sienna and yellow ochre together. One drop of gum must be mingled with each of the above by first rubbing down the paint with water on the palette, putting the gum near it, and stirring all together with the brush. Gum should be put with every single or combined color, except those for the face, neck, and hands, but under no circumstances must it be used for these.

In ornaments gold is represented by a general covering of raw sienna, the sunk parts being deepened with burnt sienna, and the upper and glistening portions with little specks of Naples yellow. Jet can be brought into relief with Indian or British ink. If the articles be gemmed, the stones must be finely put in with the representative color. Illuminating gold and silver sometimes used for the trinkets is apt to give a tawdry appearance. It is impossible to be too delicate in the handling of either jewellery or lace and fine fabrics. Lace must be minutely picked out with Chinese white or Indian ink, as the case may be. Supposing white muslin edged with lace over a dark dress, the upper folds of the muslin and the pattern of the lace must be brought up with Chinese white and the inner folds and the holes through the lace darkened with weak sepia; muslin ruffles in the same way, the edges and outer plaits being white and the inner plaits faintly shown with sepia. Linen collars, cuffs, etc., should be brought up with Chinese white, with rather much gum; but in drapery, or any mass of color, avoid an excess of gum, as it is then more difficult to make the pigments lie with regular evenness. Blue is one of the most troublesome, but that called "permanent blue" is both bright and easy to handle. Only proficient should attempt uniforms. These require thoroughly good work and exact coloring both for cloth and gold lace. Dark blue or navy uniforms are imitated with cobalt and indigo together.

Art News.

NEW YORK NOTES.

Mr. Bricher, the marine painter, brings from Newport the inspiration for a scene in one of the sweetest of gardens belonging to an old villa of that delightful seaport. A reddish brown paling between the garden and the beach is lost at either side in blossoming shrubbery, and an exquisite maiden in light and graceful toilet, outlined against sea and sky, is reaching for the delicate spring blossoms.

A picture with similar motive is on the easel of Mr. Bellows. A young girl coming down to a sheltered pool within a wood, and fancying the enjoyment of a bath, has already laid aside a portion of her clothing; an overarching bough is within reach, and springing upward she fastens upon it with both hands and swings in joyous abandonment.

E. L. Henry is engaged upon a scene of old-time coach travel, the vehicle being copied from one preserved at Germantown by the Chew family.

James Hart is engaged on a picture called "A Surprise Party," in which cattle coming down to a forest stream are startled at the sight and sound of an equally startled flock of ducks.

Mr. Inness has a half dozen recent landscapes, one of the best representing an after-sunset glow across a wood-skirted meadow.

Wm. Hart is producing some pictures so much unlike those for which he is best known as to be without any representation of cattle. In a summer study for a work of this kind, a moss-grown boulder is brought into the foreground, where a shallow stream of the Adirondacks winds in its yellowish bed along the forest; in another the apparent motive is light, dropping bountifully down or sifted thinly into the green recesses.

Among younger artists, Frank Waller is undertaking something in the way of American landscape and figures, in place of the Egyptian subjects which have been his preference. Of this recent class, an autumn scene in the Adirondacks displays the gorgeousness of foliage in what is known as the Boreas country, lying between the Boreas and Hudson rivers, where there is a fleeting season of intensely brilliant forest coloring. Another picture, Arcadian as to the story, represents the nude figure of a boy stretched face foremost on the ground, raised on his elbows and piping to a yellow-bird with a reed held to his lips.

The hills about Poughkeepsie furnish George Smillie with sufficiently picturesque material for at least one sunny autumn landscape, which will probably appear in the spring exhibition; another picture is of a strip of Maine coast with sheep on a rocky hillside, and a third is from a study on the shore of Massachusetts.

The beautiful young woman still comes smiling out on the canvas of Mr. Satterlee. In "Lagging Hours" she evidently belongs to the period of the First Empire; her evening dress sweeps over the polished floor toward a clock on a wall-bracket, and her fair hand is lifted as she turns her gaze to the

dial with graceful eagerness. Another of the recent pictures of this artist represents a village "doctress" in attendance on a child which is held in the mother's arms.

The American type of young womanhood is charmingly presented in the Artist Fund contribution of Oliver J. Lay, with eyes cast down upon a rose spray pressed within the book held in her exquisite hand.

Miss Jacobs' recently finished "Old Songs," for the Water-Color Exhibition, gives us still another young woman, this time in a yellow gown and with the points of her blue slippers turned as if for a pirouette. She holds a guitar in her hand and is looking at you with a smile.

For the Water-Color Exhibition also is a recent painting, by Miss Abbott, of chrysanthemums past their freshness, of which some have fallen from a decorated jar upon the table. A peculiar intensity of white results from painting in a dark background, leaving the forms of the blossoms without paint on the paper, the leaf outlines and veinings only receiving any paint whatever. The deepest brilliancy of the reds—that full ripe red seen in certain varieties of these flowers just preceding decay—is that of the transparent pigment applied directly on white paper.

Laura Woodward recently made, during a summer at Mt. Desert, a number of excellent marine studies, and two finished pictures—one shown at the American Art Gallery, and the second, representing a foggy morning effect, at the Brooklyn Exhibition.

Homer Martin tried last summer the experiment of painting in water-colors, returning to the studio with a series of fresh sketches on the Saguenay River, and at various places in Canada and in northern New York. His earliest claim to recognition as a water-colorist is to be presented at the forthcoming exhibition.

Of picturesque elements existing on every hand without limit, those embraced in a view of Jersey City across the Morris Canal appear in a picture characterized by some of Thomas Moran's best qualities. It is a gray day, showing but dimly the New York Post-Office and other great buildings of that quarter across the North River. But the poetry of the air makes itself felt along that artificial water-course, about the depots beyond, and among those common scenes of commercial industry in a manner which the artist has perhaps never so forcibly realized before. The picture will probably be seen in the spring exhibition.

A work of historical importance has recently been undertaken by Mr. Reinhart, the subject being the "Entry of General Greene into Charleston" after the Revolution. It has reached the form of the sketch in black and white, showing the mounted hero and the enthusiastic groups of the street. A portrait of Chief Justice Manning, of the Supreme Court of Louisiana, has just been completed by this artist, to be placed in the University of North Carolina, the alma mater of the Judge.

S. R. Gifford has recently painted a view of the Matterhorn, with the track of a past glacier winding through the foreground to a chasm; however, neither the pathway nor the Matterhorn itself is any thing except an objective point about which to wind a dream of light and color.

After contemplating Mr. Gifford's picture, the readiest way to the real world again will be found at the studio of J. G. Brown, where this artist's "Noon at the Docks" is fast approaching completion. For here is something real, American, and sturdy at once. At the left a Hudson River barge, loaded with hay, touches the pier, and at the right a vessel trading to Australia waits for lading. A dray horse stands patiently at this corner, while the group of toilers rest in the foreground against sundry cotton bales and casks, after having partaken of their luncheon. All the men are of pronounced American types, even to the slouchy negro leaning on a hogshead with a pipe in his mouth. There are two who have fallen asleep; but the foremost group listen with some animation to a man in a red shirt, who lifts his arms, bared to the elbows, enforcing the clumsy eloquence which holds his audience, and which probably touches some subject discussed in the newspaper laid down beside him. Nothing real is shunned by the artist in this representation of life in its toil and hardness.

Mr. Shirlaw has painted a corn-husking which is likely to prove one of the strongest works of the year. It is half realistic, half poetic, with a breezy atmosphere and buoyant life, but viewed in the poet's light that "never was on sea or land."

BOSTON NOTES.

The idea that is just now prominent in progressive minds is the formation of a new club, exclusively for artists. The Boston Art Club originally included only professional artists, but was obliged to open its doors wider in order to sustain itself, and now it has but a small proportion of artist members.

Boston artists are proverbially of a genial disposition, and fraternize well among themselves. There already exists the famous Saturday Evening Club (meeting at the studios of members for a social "bread-and-cheese" once a month), of which the late Mr. Hunt was the most brilliant member, and

before which he exhibited for the first time his sketches and studies for the Albany frescoes. Many of the principal artists belong to this club, to which ladies are also admitted. There are several smaller clubs too, and still an element asking for more.

Such an organization as the Tile Club has been suggested, but the popular voice is for renewing the ashes of that famed organization of the old days of art in the city, the celebrated "Allston Club," composed of members whose sympathies were with certain peculiarities of style. It was in the Bohemian days of artist life, and the enthusiastic members of this eccentric club went about as they pleased in the world. Among other things that the club accomplished was the importation from Paris of the celebrated wood interior by Courbet, now in possession of Henry Sayles, and on exhibition at the Museum of Fine Arts. But the Allston Club luxuriated beyond its means, and fell.

The Boston Art Club has outgrown the real, social element, though its monthly dinners are of the most enjoyable order, and it is becoming rapidly aristocratic in its notions. The necessity of moving soon from its present locality has brought the subject of new quarters before the members. Nearly all are in favor of some decided and permanent abode, with full facilities for exhibition, and some are even found who are eagerly demanding such perfections as restaurant, studios, and reception halls in the new building, compelling such an increase of fees that artists would at last be thoroughly ostracized.

The Boston architects have an interesting and popular club, and the new association formed by art students a year ago, though vexed by occasional indiscretions, is already popular, social, and helpful.

Another venture in the line of an artists' club is the Draughtsmen's and Artists' Association. Geo. F. Hammond, a Boston architect, has been chiefly instrumental in forming this club, to comprise all styles of artist-draughtsmen and students, giving them the advantages of an evening class in charcoal drawing from life, and a reading-room supplied with all the technical English literature of the day.

The people of Boston could hardly let the statue-subject drop, but availed themselves of every opportunity to point a finger at Wendell Phillips for his tirade. One by one each individual statue found a champion, and the only exception which Mr. Phillips made has been flatly denounced.

French's bust of Ralph Waldo Emerson has been sent, in plaster, to Florence, to be put into marble. It will be returned early in the spring.

William Willard's portrait of the late Wm. M. Hunt is pronounced the best likeness of him ever put upon canvas.

Walter M. Brackett, the fish painter, recently completed a work that popular enthusiasm declares to be his masterpiece, and his studio was so overrun with visitors that he was obliged to place the picture in a public window. It is upon an order from Mr. Habersham, of Savannah, a veteran angler, and represents a salmon of thirty pounds, life-size, and forty-one inches long upon the canvas.

J. W. Champney is the name of the Boston artist invited to fill the chair of art-anatomy in the National Academy, New York.—Hoeslin, who lately sold his "Reformation" to the city of Munich, is a native of Boston.—Selinger, who a few months ago returned from Munich, has developed during his study there a bold, strong touch.

CINCINNATI NOTES.

Thomas S. Noble, who of late years has exhibited but little, principally because of his duties as Principal of the School of Design, is at work upon a large canvas of a river scene, a party upon a raft, afloat.

John Dunsmore, who has lately returned to Cincinnati from Paris, was a pupil of Couture, and was with him when he died. He has lately made a fine etching of Couture's head, and his reminiscences of him in a book now under way promise to be very interesting.

The lately formed Cincinnati Etching Club has met successively at the residence of George McLaughlin, the art connoisseur, at the studio of Mr. Farny, and at the Exposition Building. Some good work has been turned out, notably by Mr. Farny and Miss Lord, who is illustrating for Scribner. Before each meeting an announcement, etched by one of the club, is mailed; the drawing and biting are usually done outside, but proofs of the plates are taken at the meetings. The interest has spread beyond the club, and Cincinnati artists are combining to make the trade in copperplates a brisk one.

Among those who are doing good work in drawing and painting are the members of the Sunday Sketch Club, composed largely of workers at designing during the week, who consecrate a half of their day of rest to the study of color. They are encouraged by older artists, who drop in and paint with them occasionally as well as criticise their work. The subject chosen, such as "Lost," "Abandoned," or whatever may be agreed on, yields interesting and sometimes comical results.